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BY
MARIAN HENDERSON



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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

Franklin, Ohio

This day we fashion Destiny,
Our web of Fate we spin.—*Whittier.*

THE FORTUNE TELLER

By ~~MRS. G. E. HENSON~~ (*Marian Henson*)

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The Fortune Teller

I will ask the Fates for thee.

There are six questions to be asked by a lady and seven questions to be asked by a gentleman.

For each question there are fifteen answers. The one whose fortune is being told must choose a number (from one to fifteen) for each question asked.

To each question asked, the one telling the fortune should read aloud the answer corresponding to the number chosen.

QUESTIONS

He asks:

1. Shall I marry?
 2. Shall I marry the one I now love?
 3. Does the one I love, love me?
 4. Where did or where shall I meet my future wife?
 5. Describe my future wife.
 6. Shall I be happily married?
 7. What is my destiny?
-

She asks:

1. Shall I marry?
2. Shall I marry the one I now love?
3. Does the one I love, love me?
4. Where did or where shall I meet my future husband?
5. Describe my future husband.
6. Shall I be happily married?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

HE ASKS:—*Shall I marry?*

1. Could you meet a reasonable woman,
Fair without vanity, rich without pride,
Discreet though witty, learned yet very humble,
Who loves to listen better than to talk,
You'll marry cerainly.—*Tobin.*
2. Beware lest you be a rare old bachelor,
And prick your fingers with sewing on buttons.
—*Crowe.*
3. You will marry soon; it is your life's dream.
—*M. A. H.*
4. The very attractive daughter of an attractive
Mother will be yours for the asking.—*M. A. H.*
5. When you declared that you would never marry,
You had not met the present charmer.—*M. A. H.*
6. Never marry but for love, but see
That thou lovest what is lovely.—*Penn.*
7. Before the altar you shall soon
Repeat the marriage vow.—*Jeffries.*
8. You will make haste to purchase house and land,
But very slow to wed.—*Thornbury.*
9. Fate asks, sir, your hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dowry shall match
Yet not exceed her beauty.—*Bulwer.*
10. If you will take time from business to woo,
Be less prudent and slow in choosing,
Then you may marry, and that quickly.
—*M. A. H.*

11. Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In her cheek's pale hue?—*Moore.*
 12. Yes you will have
A guardian angel over your life presiding,
Doubling your pleasures, and your cares dividing.
—*Rogers*
 13. Oh, yes,
Talk six times with the same single lady,
And she will get the wedding dresses ready.
—*Byron.*
 14. You are waiting to find, ere you wed,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.—*Milton.*
 15. You will not remain single from choice,
But unless you make haste to declare your love,
It will be too late, another will have won her.
—*M. A. H.*
-

HE ASKS:—*Shall I marry the one I now love?*

1. She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
—*Shakspeare.*
2. She will be your true and honorable wife.
—*Shakspeare.*
3. No, sir! Your rival's so dear;
The reason she's out when you call,
Is, his income's five thousand a year,
And your's it is nothing at all.—*Mrs. Osgood.*
4. Long loved, long wooed, and lately won,
Your life's best hope, and now your own.—*Scott.*

5. She'll be your wife by every tie that is sacred.
—*Tobin*.
6. Such is your cold coquette, who can't say no,
And won't say yes, and keeps you on and off-ing,
Then sees your heart wrecked, with an inward
scoffing.—*Byron*.
7. You love in vain, strive against hope.
—*Shakspeare*.
8. She'll break her vow, she'll break your heart,
And you may e'en go hang.—*Burns*.
9. You'll take her for your wife,
For you have wished this marriage night and day
For many years.—*Tennyson*.
10. Catch ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
—*Pope*.
11. I think there is a rival in the case,
A very rich, and very stupid fellow.—*Sargent*.
12. Thou hast lost the love of a faithful heart,
And the light of a faithful eye.—*Mrs. S. P. Smith*
13. You are forgotten as the sun that sets,
When shines a new one on the morrow.—*Praed*.
14. You came too late. Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love has yielded to her pride
And the deep sense of wrong.—*Bogart*.
15. No! She with quiet air of
Mild indifference, and with truthful words,
Kind, yet determined, will withdraw herself.
—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

HE ASKS:—*Does the one I love, love me?*

1. There is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.—*Shakspeare.*
2. This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
—*Shakspeare.*
3. Fair is your love, but not so fair as fickle;
None fairer, nor none falser.—*Shakspeare.*
4. No, or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all;
All's one to her, above her fan,
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.—*T. B. Aldrich*
5. To love you was pleasant enough,
But O, 'tis delicious to hate you.—*Moore.*
6. She loves not less, 'tho less the show appear.
—*Shakspeare.*
7. Woman's love is writ in water!
Woman's faith is traced on sand!—*W. E. Aytoun*
8. Trust not the treason of those smiling looks.
—*Spenser.*
9. No, Fate ordains that the dearest must part.
—*Young.*
10. In many ways does her full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
—*Coleridge.*
11. She loves you much, because she hides it.
—*Dryden.*
12. It is for you to remember that
Woman is changeable, fickle as fair.—*Miss Evans*

13. If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
—*Shakspeare.*
14. Her partiality may be the result of admiration
More than love.
15. You love one who loves you, and you alone,
Even more than you love her.—*M. A. H.*

HE ASKS:—*Where did or where shall I meet my
future wife?*

1. You passed her one day in a hurry,
When late for the post with a letter.
—*N. P. Willis.*
2. You'll meet her at a country ball.—*Praed.*
3. Love will dream, and faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere meet you must.
—*Whittier.*
4. All unconscious you beheld her;
Knew not that your fate was nigh,
Fate that wears such various aspect
To the victim's laughing eye.—*Chadwick.*
5. You'll meet her in a storm,
On the deck of a steamer.—*Punch.*
6. You have been friends together,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy you played.—*Norton.*
7. 'Twas but for a moment, and yet in that time
You crowded the impressions of many an hour.
—*Moore.*
8. When the viols played their best,
Lights above and laughs below.—*Browning.*

9. You'll meet at the home of a friend,
At a little dinner in her honor.—*M. A. H.*
10. At Paris, it was at the Opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a
Book that night.—*Meredith.*
11. You'll meet with a sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near.—*N. P. Willis.*
12. You pass her daily on the street,
The time draws near when you shall meet.
—*M. A. H.*
13. In peril you shall find her,
And save her life.—*M. A. H.*
14. When you first saw her,
Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
—*Southey.*
15. Don't you remember when you stopped your car,
And asked her to ride,
Don't you remember how happy you were,
With her by your side?—*M. A. H.*

HE ASKS:—*Describe my future wife.*

1. Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her
features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand.—*Dryden.*
2. A sweet, wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

3. A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred.
—*W. Wordsworth.*
4. Such harmony in motion, speech and air,
That without fairness, she was more than fair.
—*Aleyn.*
5. She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.—*Suckling.*
6. The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers.—*Shakspeare.*
7. Her face so lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart.—*Rogers.*
8. The eyelash dark, and downcast eye,
The mild expression speaks a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.—*Scott.*
9. If to her share some faulty errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
10. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
—*Shakspeare.*
11. Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous tho coy, and gentle tho retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed.
—*Crabbe.*
12. With eyes whose beams might shame a night
Of starlight beams, they are so bright;
And cheeks before whose bloom the rose
Its blushing treasure-house might close.
—*Mrs. Esling.*

13. Grace is in her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love.—*Milton*.
 14. Such grace and such beauty, you'd swear
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkled
round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the
air.—*Moore*.
 15. Eyes half defiant,
Half meek and compliant,
Black eyes, with a wondrous, witching charm.
—*Phoebe Cary*.
-

HE ASKS:—*Shall I be happily married?*

1. You will know
Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.—*Cowper*.
2. But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
Is the moon, so-called, of honey.—*Hood*.
3. The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps to forgive.—*Cowper*.
4. Your happy altar hearth will be bright,
And ever blazing, there will be
Around it cheerful faces.—*Nicoll*.
5. You will find it a life full of kindness and bliss.
—*Moore*.
6. You will have a warm but simple home,
With her who shares your pleasures and your
heart.—*Cowper*.

7. Your home shall be an Eden on this earth.
—*Smith.*
8. O, none shall have a better home,
Or brighter lot than thine.—*Swain.*
9. With every pleasure money can bestow,
With all a man desires here below,
You will still feel in long domestic strife
The inconvenience of a scolding wife.—*Smith.*
10. The world well tried,
The sweetest thing in life,
The unclouded welcome of a wife.—*N. P. Willis.*
11. She will be a perfect wife,
Your home a place of joy,
Every happiness be thine.—*M. A. H.*
12. Happy for the lovely girl is thine,
She's rich, she's fair beyond compare,
Of noble mind, serene and kind.—*D. M. Craik.*
13. For life is sweet, and love is strong,
And two close-knit in marriage ties,
The whole world's shams may well despise.
—*D. M. Craik.*
14. That man must lead a happy life,
Who is directed by a wife.—*Cowper.*
15. Your life will be a happy one,
Your home a dream come true.—*M. A. H.*

HE ASKS:—*What is my destiny?*

1. One thing forever good,
That one thing, Success.—*Emerson.*
2. To attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
Nothing is so hard but search will find it out.
—*Herrick.*

3. The golden opportunity is never offered twice;
You are to seize the hour when Fortune smiles
And Duty points the way.—*Byron*.
4. If wealth alone can make and keep you blest,
You'll still be getting and never, never rest.
—*Pope*.
5. The path of duty is your only way to glory.
—*Tennyson*.
6. You'll see that since your fate is ruled by chance,
Each man, unknowing, great,
Should frame life so that some future hour,
Fact and his dreamings meet.—*Hugo*.
7. Mystery veils your future,
Beware of one who is seemingly kind,
But who will take care to mislead you.
Follow the dictates of your own mind.—*M. A. H.*
8. To pick up gloves, and fans and knitting needles,
And listen for songs and tunes, and watch for
smiles,
And look into the eyes of maids as tho they were
stars.—*Byron*.
9. You have far to go, Success will not attend you
Until you near your journey's end,
So, be on your way.—*M. A. H.*
10. Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as you ought, man,
Believe me happiness is shy,
And comes aye when sought man.—*Burns*.
11. While warmer souls command, nay make their
fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forced thee to be great.
—*Moore*.

12. Look forward what's to come
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence graced;
 What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success.
—Denham.
13. You'll be
 A statesman that can side with every faction,
 And yet most subtly can entwist himself,
 When he hath wrought the business up to danger.
—Shirley.
14. To win the wreath of fame,
 And write on memory's scroll a deathless name.
—Sand.
15. Yours is one of the few immortal names
 That were not born to die.—*Halleck.*
-

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR LADIES.

SHE ASKS:—*Shall I marry?*

1. Before another twelvemonth casts
 Its shadow over your brow,
 You'll wed the gallant sailor boy,
 Who is sighing for you now.—*Masterson.*
2. I can't tell the date,
 But you'll marry I know.—*Shakspeare.*
3. Marry! Faith; husbands are like lots
 In the lottery; you may draw forty blanks
 Before you find one that has any prize in him.
—Marston.
4. The hour is come, but not the man.—*Kelpie.*

5. You are engaged to be married now,
And fondly dream of the happy day.
—*Munkittrick.*
6. If to all who propose to you, you continue to
answer
With that chilling "No," perchance you may
never marry.—*Bayly.*
7. Somewhere there waiteth in this world,
A faithful, loving heart for you.—*M. A. H.*
8. Before the altar you shall soon
Repeat the marriage vow.—*Jeffries.*
9. Before a year is out, you'll leave your
Father's house a wife.—*M. A. H.*
10. You are betrothed!
Nay, more, your marriage hour
Determined of.—*Shakspeare.*
11. Yes, you will marry,
As soon as you can choose
Between the three.—*M. A. H.*
12. It will not be the fault
Of your faithful lover,
If you do not marry soon.—*M. A. H.*
13. Long loved, long wooed,
And lately won.—*Scott.*
14. When Fate sends the right one,
You will no longer hesitate.—*M. A. H.*
15. If you do not accept the next offer,
You'll live a maiden dreary
For forty years or more,
And wish you'd not been so coy,
When you'd lovers by the score.—*E. J. Smith.*

SHE ASKS:—*Shall I marry the one I now love?*

1. Thou hast lost the love of a faithful heart,
And the light of a faithful eye.—*Smith.*
2. To know, to esteem, to love,
And then to part.—*Coleridge.*
3. Better the tie at once be broken,
At once your last farewell be spoken.
—*Mrs. Osgood.*
4. Had you never loved so blindly,
Had you never loved so kindly,
Never met or never parted,
You two'd never been broken hearted.—*Burns.*
5. He wooed thee with his sword,
And won thy love,
And he will wed thee.—*Shakspeare.*
6. No, he is fickle as the sea,
As wavering as the wind.—*Bryant.*
7. Ay! for you love him tenderly,
And he in turn loves you.—*Smith.*
8. He flirts with others just for fun,
Be sure there is nothing in it;
You are the first, the only one,
His heart has thought of for a minute.—*Praed.*
9. His love has perished like the sound
That dies and leaves no echo.—*Hervey.*
10. Never! though you die of sorrow,
Never! though your heart should break.—*Smith*
11. Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed,
Time rules us all, and life, indeed,
Is not the thing we planned.—*Meredith.*

12. You must love, and unlove, and forget, dear
Ere life learns to love once and love well.
—*Meredith*.
 13. 'Twas but a dream, let it pass, let it vanish like
So many others!
What you thought was a flower is only a weed,
And is worthless.—*Longfellow*.
 14. Love's first ideal now grows wan,
And thou wilt love again,
No hero, but a man.—*Meredith*.
 15. His heart is all on honor bent,
He cannot stoop to love;
No lady in the land has power
His frozen heart to move.
-

SHE ASKS:—*Does the one I love, love me?*

1. Oh! couldn't thou but know
With what a devotedness deep,
Thinking of thee still.—*Moore*.
2. He is as true as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.—*Booth*.
3. The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.—*Moore*.
4. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night
But he thinks of thee.—*Proctor*.
5. There is nothing but death
Your affections can sever
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind you forever.—*Percival*.

6. He would not live without thee
For all the world contains.—*Morris.*
7. Love on his lips and hatred in his heart,
His motto constancy, his creed to part.—*Byron*
8. If thou are far, the birds' tunes are no tunes,
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes.
—*Richard Watson Gilder.*
9. Oh agony! keen agony!
Your trusting heart shall find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as the summer's wind.—*Motherwell.*
10. Love on, love on, the time will come
When he in turn will give
His life to win one answering word,
To his question, if he for you may live—*Sturmer.*
11. Fear not, then, fear not any hour will see
The heart grow cold that ever beats for thee.
12. There's danger in the dazzling eye,
That woos thee with its witching smile;
Another, when thou art not by,
Those beaming looks would fain beguile.
—*Mrs. Osgood.*
13. To say he loved, was to affirm what oft his eye
Avouched, what many an action testified, and yet
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
—*Knowles.*
14. And to his eye,
There is but one beloved face on earth.—*Byron.*

15. Your heart, yes he wore it
As a sign and a token
Of a love that once gave it,
A vow that was spoken;
But a love, and a vow, and a heart,
Can be broken.—*A. A. Procter.*
-

SHE ASKS:—*Where did or where shall I meet my
future husband?*

1. 'Twas in the summer time,
So sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both
In season.—*Moore.*
2. He did keep the deck, with glove, or hat, or
or handkerchief,
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his heart sailed on,
How swift his ship.—*Shakspeare.*
3. You turned a corner,
And then you met with one
Who was your fate; he saw you,
And you knew 'twas love.—*Byron.*
4. You met him on the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.—*Anon.*
5. You'll meet in the country,
You'll meet in the street,
You'll meet where gay music
Invites merry feet.—*Smith.*

6. The last time by the lattice of the great
staircase.—*Bulwer*.
7. 'Twas Easter Sunday; the full blossomed trees
Filled the air with fragrance and joy.
—*Longfellow*.
8. You have met him
In the wildering waltz,
In the ball room's blaze.—*Hale*.
9. You will meet him at the home
Of a mutual friend.—*M. A. H.*
10. He was a welcome guest at
Your warm fireside, when the
Lamps were lighted.—*Longfellow*.
11. You will meet
When the weary August days are long;
The locusts sing a plaintive song.—*Whittier*.
12. You'll meet him near the hawthorn bush,
With seats beneath the shade,
For whispering lovers made.—*Goldsmith*.
13. You met him in war-time,
You met him in peace,
And soon you will meet
Him again.—*M. A. H.*
14. The summer comes and the summer goes,
Then all of a sudden, he comes.—*Aldrich*.
15. You met him last night, you met him today,
You'll meet him tomorrow.—*M. A. H.*

SHE ASKS:—*Describe my future husband.*

1. His words are bonds; his love sincere,
His thoughts immaculate.
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from
earth.—*Shakspeare.*
2. Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still.
—*Churchill.*
3. His eyebrow dark and eye of fire
Shows spirit proud and prompt of ire,
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and council speak.—*Scott.*
4. The soul of the man is his clothes.—*Shakspeare.*
5. Tho modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written: Gentleman.—*Byron.*
6. Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide,
Trust in his character felt far and wide.
Be he a noble or be he in trade,
This is a gentleman Nature has made.
—*O'Donoghue.*
7. He has I know what of greatness in his looks,
And of high fate, that almost awes me.—*Dryden.*
8. The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding,
binding
The hearts of millions till they seem as one.
—*Halleck.*
9. By the white neck-cloth, the straightened tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read,
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed.—*Holmes.*

10. A moral, sensible and well-bred man.—*Cowper.*
11. The lip of pride, the eye of flame,
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,
The eye that seemed to scorn the world.—*Scott.*
12. In speech, in gait, in affections of delight,
In military rules, he was the copy and book
That fashioned others.—*Shakspeare.*
13. A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
—*Shakspeare.*
14. His years but young, but his experience old;
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
—*Shakspeare.*
15. I do not think a braver gentleman, more active-
valiant,
Or valiant-young, more daring or more bold, is
now alive.—*Shakspeare.*

SHE ASKS:—*Shall I be happily married?*

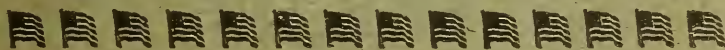
1. Think not the husband gained, that all is done,
The price of happiness must still be won;
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband lost.—*Lord Lyttleton.*
2. Your home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
—*Montgomery.*

3. Thy life, so far as I understand,
Is an enchanted fairyland,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That wielded right, makes hours like minutes,
Hand in hand, dance by the light.—*Burns*.
4. Serene will be the days and nights,
And happy will you be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.—*Wordsworth*.
5. Sweet is the smile of home, the mutual look,
When hearts are of other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunts of affection pure.—*Keble*.
6. No sorrows distress thy days;
No griefs disturb thy nights.
7. Thy heart for gladness springs
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.—*Gerhardt*.
8. Roses all the rosy way,
Roses to the rosier west,
And the day when every thorn,
Breaks into a rose of song.—*MacDonald*.
9. But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts and fortunes blend.—*Thompson*.
10. From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss,
They lived together long without debate;
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
—*Spencer*.

11. Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm every thought, inspire every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
—*Pope.*
12. If lovers were lovers always
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Husbands grow grave and silent
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.—*O'Connell.*
13. Oh! happy pair, to every blessing born!
For you may life's calm stream unruffled run;
For you its roses bloom without a thorn.—*Paine.*
14. Happy and gay,
Your husband a jewel,
Every hour of your lifetime
Will bring new pleasures,
Happy and gay.—*Smith.*
15. All the blessings life can give,
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